Unexpected

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will doesn't feel well and so Hannibal offers to drive him home...

Notes

A fill for the WGA Server omega Will fest.
Prompt = Omega Will didn't know he was pregnant and starts going into labor either while working a crime scene (with Hannibal) or in Hannibal's car.

“I can take you home,” Hannibal Lecter’s voice was as soft and reassuring as it always was when he spoke to Will, and Will hated it.

Though he wanted to hate it even more than he actually did. He wanted to hate that it made him feel more like an omega than anything else ever had. He wanted to hate it because it made him stupid. Stupid enough to have sex with the guy - months ago now, right after they first met.

Will had felt embarrassed afterwards. He had never done that before, even during a heat, he’d never just randomly hooked up with someone. Certainly not some pretentious alpha who brought breakfast to his motel room like some sort of courting gift.

It had been impulsive and he’d been trying to forget it ever since. And whilst Lecter hadn’t brought it up, or even pushed the advantage as some alphas might, he had made his interest

clear. With soft words and subtle ways. Nothing overt - a cup of coffee here, a kind word there. Something innocuous but that Will knew meant more. Meant more, but he ignored it.

As he winced with another flash of pain, Will knew he had to accept Lecter's offer of a ride. Everyone else was busy with the crime scene and he could no longer deny he was unwell.

He'd been feeling off for months, and even worse the last few days. He had this ache in his chest, felt bloated and sick. He thought it was a bug at first, especially when he was throwing up for a couple of weeks. But once that passed he just never felt 100%.

Will put most of it down to the work. Wouldn't be the first agent who got sick at the sight of a corpse, especially the ones he was called to. And he hadn't felt quite stable for a while, so maybe it was that. Maybe it was a physical manifestation of how this job was making him feel. Discombobulated, adrift.

"Will?"

He looked up from the crime scene before him to see Lecter frowning. He hadn't responded.

"Sure," Will agreed, not missing the huff Jack made. He really wasn't happy about Will leaving, but there was no denying he was sick. He was sweating profusely now and the pain kept coming in waves.

Another wave of it hit him as he turned away from the death and gore. Will sucked in a breath and squeezed his eyes shut. When he opened them again, he saw Lecter reaching for him to help steady him, but he shrugged off the assistance and started towards Lecter's car.

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For such an expensive car, it sure was uncomfortable, Will thought as they drove past the police cordon. No matter how he positioned himself in the passenger seat, he couldn't get comfortable.

When another wave of pain hit, Will gripped his stomach and couldn't bite back the groan, trying not to double over.

"How long have you been unwell?" Lecter asked. Will didn't miss the concern in the sideways glance he gave him from the driver's seat. Will had barely said more than grunts to him over the last few months, but now they were trapped in this car together with no escape.

"Been feeling off for months. But the pain just started this morning, been steadily getting worse" Will replied, his tone flat, making it clear he didn't want to engage.

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"I see you once a week," Will made light, even as he grit his teeth against another wave of pain. He hated those sessions, he wasn't allowed to just grunt and nod in those either. All the while having his head shrinked by an alpha he'd fucked almost as soon as they'd met. He would have tried to get out of going if not for the fact that he'd then have to admit why he wanted a different therapist.

“Don’t deflect, Will.” Lecter’s voice was stern and it made Will shudder involuntarily. “If you’ve been sick for months you should go to see someone, it could be something serious. I think I should take you to the Emergency Room.”

His tone was no-nonsense, but Will could scent the concern coming off him in waves. It made him equal parts warm and uncomfortable.

“No!” Will protested when the words finally sunk in.

Lecter huffed, a response that caught Will a little off guard - to see the alpha’s professionalism slipping. Other than that one - admittedly amazing - time, Lecter had been nothing but a consummate professional.

“I could examine you myself--” Lecter started a new tack but Will shut it down immediately.

“No way!” He only just managed to get the words out when another wave of pain hit and he cried out, sure for a moment that he was actually going to pass out. Perhaps Lecter was right, not that he wanted to admit it. It was probably a tumour, or some fucking parasites. Hopefully just gallstones.

“Ok,” Will panted, “H-hospital.”

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Lecter was making a turn.

Another wave of pain hit, and this time Will passed out.

*

Will had only been out a few seconds, but after he came to, everything was a blur.

When they reached the hospital, Will had to swallow his pride and allow Lecter to help him in, and up to the reception desk. They were just taking his details when another wave hit so bad that his legs gave way. One minute he was upright, the next he was on the floor in Lecter’s arms and realising he’d passed out for a few seconds again.

He had the distinct feeling that Lecter had caught him, and that made him feel weird. He wasn’t someone who was easily intimate with people and he’d already crossed a line with Lecter once. And truth was, he hid it well in nicely cut omega shirts that he had usually steered clear of, but Will had gained a little weight in recent months and didn’t particularly want anyone knowing how much he’d let himself go. Compulsive stress eating was to blame, he was sure. This damn job!

When another wave of pain hit Will felt himself being lifted. And the next thing he knew, he was in a cubicle, on a bed, with a doctor, a nurse and some sort of technician setting up a monitor of some kind. He tried not to feel weirdly disappointed that Lecter wasn’t there.

“Well,” the doctor said, “You’re back with us. These contractions are really doing a number on you. We looked up your details in the system but don’t have you registered with Natal. Are you registered at a different hospital? A midwife clinic?” The doctor asked as he put his hands on Will’s stomach, feeling for something.

Will's face burned -- at the touch, but also some second hand embarrassment for the doctor getting this so wrong.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I think you have the wrong patient."

"Hmm," the doctor frowned and looked at the nurse who handed him a chart.

It was only following that motion that Will realised he was in a hospital gown. How long had he been out of it? And what had happened to the pain. He clocked the cannula in his hand and saw he was connected to an IV.

"Just a little pethidine, a very low dosage. We don't have your birth plan, but the doctor deemed it medically essential."

Will felt like he was going insane. Or maybe he was unconscious.

"Hmm," the doctor said again, flipping the chart over and reading another page before handing it back to the nurse. Another wave of pain came then, but muted, distant. The drugs…

The doctor looked at him sternly then. A strange expression on his face, as though he had just realised something, or learned something and was now having to break bad news.

Fuck. Was he dying?

"You're pregnant, Mr Graham. Very pregnant. In labour in fact."

"Ha ha ha. No." Will responded, shaking his head as he tried to sit up in the bed, but was eased back down by the nurse at his side. "That's not possible. I've never had sex during a heat."

It felt like everyone in the room collectively rolled their eyes and the doctor shook his head, "I really do despair of the sex education in this country." He sighed and then looked pointedly at Will. "Mr Graham, it is quite possible for omegas to conceive outside of their heat. Whilst the chances are higher during a heat, those are not the only two occasions a year you can conceive."

Will took that in, shook into doing the math - he hadn't had his second heat yet this year, had he? He'd been so busy it just hadn't…

The doctor continued, muttering under his breath, "a species doesn't manage to populate a planet with 8 billion people if they're only fertile twice a year. Don't they even teach biological evolution… Never mind. The fact remains Mr Graham, that you are going to have a baby. Imminently."

Will blinked.

*

I can't have a baby.

The words kept doing laps in Will's mind. What would he do with a baby?

He wanted to ask what his options were, but even as he kept telling himself he couldn't do this, solutions filled his mind. He could move back home to Louisiana, back with his grandfather - he'd help. He could take leave from the FBI - they had a great parental leave package and the break from Jack and all the BAU bullshit was not just tempting but a pre-emptive relief.

But more than all those thoughts, as another wave of pain hit, all Will could think about was holding the baby in his arms. His baby. Something he'd never imagined or wanted, and yet now was the most precious thing he had ever known. He already felt fiercely in love with it.

The drugs were wearing off because he felt that one real bad. And then the next wave had him screaming.

The doctor and nurse had moved on to other things but the technician it turned out was a midwife. He had been setting up a monitor for the baby which was now attached to Will's belly, feeding the little one's strong heartbeat into a monitor.

"You're all good," the midwife said as he squeezed Will's shoulder. "We were trying to find you a bed in Natal, but your contractions are too close together to move you. You're going to deliver in the ER. But don't worry, they have the best drugs here!" He gave a wink and squeezed Will again before going back to the monitor. "Baby is doing great."

Those words were a relief - for all of two seconds before another contraction hit.

"Fuck!" Will cried out. That drew a chuckle from the midwife, but that wasn't the reaction that caught Will's attention.

He was suddenly hit by the scent of distressed alpha. An angry, unhappy alpha. And then he heard the shouting.

"No, we're not related. I already told you. I'm his colleague. I'm his therapist," the words were getting closer.

"Sir, you can't go in there. Only family members and--"

Will heard a growl that sent a shiver through him and then he was drawn to the sound of the curtain around the cubicle being pulled open so violently that it almost tore.

Lecter. Hannibal…

"Will," Hannibal looked feral, his eyes a deep red. Not rut, Will could scent that - but something. Something primal that made Will want to whimper.

"Gonna guess this is baby-daddy," the midwife said, calm and cool as he waved away the nurse who had tried to stop Hannibal and the two security guards that were just arriving. "Everything's under control here. Isn't it?" He directed the question to Hannibal who went immediately to Will's side and cupped his face in his hands.

“I thought they were hurting you,” Hannibal’s voice was still low, full of gravel. Will shook his head.

“I’ll give you a moment,” the midwife said, stepping out of the cubicle and pulling the curtain around to give them some semblance of privacy.

“Are you hurt? What did the doctors say?”

Will wanted so fucking much to pull out of Hannibal’s grasp. He wanted to not feel the stirring inside him that he’d been trying to ignore since the day they first met. That stirring that had led them to do something so fucking stupid.

Will didn’t have the words to articulate everything he had learned in the last ten minutes, nor to explain how he felt. Both about the baby, and Hannibal. All he knew was that the moment Hannibal had gotten to his side, he was in his future. Those thoughts of moving back to Louisiana were replaced with moving into the alpha’s huge house, one that would soon echo with the sound of a child’s laughter.

Will grit his teeth, his jaw tightening under Hannibal’s hands as he wanted to deny it. He’d never wanted to be that sort of omega. He’d never wanted to be barefoot and pregnant, good for nothing but breeding. But as he looked in Hannibal’s eyes and saw the concern there, the adoration beneath it that he’d been ignoring for months, Will knew this wasn’t that sort of alpha either. He could see himself at work, fulfilled, coming home to Hannibal cooking dinner with the baby on his hip. He was sure he wasn’t imagining it. No - he knew Hannibal. He’d come to know him over the months of therapy sessions that half the time felt closer to dates.

He’d picked up on all the little things he’d said and done as he tried to court Will. The ways he’d reassured that he understood who Will was and that they would be compatible.

Will took hold of Hannibal’s hands and moved them from his face. Just his touch seemed to sooth the alpha and he immediately seemed much calmer.

“Did you know omegas can get pregnant outside of heat?” Will asked, moving one hand down and resting it on his belly as Hannibal frowned and replied --

“Yes, of course.”

Then his eyes went wide and there was realisation, clarity. The feral look in his eyes became more so - focused, determined.

And Will knew in that moment that Hannibal was as deeply in love with their baby as he was.

Another wave of pain hit and suddenly Hannibal had a tight grip on his hand, and another on his brow, a soothing touch.

“You beautiful, darling omega.” Hannibal muttered next to his ear. Will relaxed into the rumble of his voice, suddenly feeling the urge to push.

*

Mischa Lecter-Graham was born two hours later, and as she grew up with her loving parents who doted on her and each other. An omega who worked hard to put criminals in prison, and an alpha who closed his practice for years just to stay home and raise her.

She often heard the story of her unexpected birth. Unexpected, they always told her honestly, but never unwanted, and always so very much loved.

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